Johnny strolled down Thing Street to the loco J. Zeus Murphy Zombie Crypt to check out the THINGS. It was at an intersection of Thing Street and Earth, although one couldn't believe there was such a place.

The end of Thing Street. Johnny thought it was infinite, eternal; however, it descended precipitously, following some antediluvian littoral. The lake retreated across the Hardener Distressway, over the elevated walkway. He'd pause halfway over, hypnotized by the lanes of traffic, like streamers at night, till someone tapped his shoulder, anxious about his Mental Hell.

The store fronts were broken dentures. The sphinx's nose after the Turks shot it off. The icing on Miss Haversham's wedding cake.... The ruins of what wasn't real to begin with....

The antiques got junkier, the dealers crazier. Some sold only lamps and lighting fixtures. One charged hundreds of dollars for cheap, ugly chandeliers from the 60s. Normals were happy to get twenty. Another slept in his store, because he lived with his mother and she'd finally thrown him out. In the evening Johnny watched him through the dirty window, watching TV on one of his old black and white sets. The worst were two fags who were going out of business after thirty years of selling. One day Johnny caught them frolicking with a bubble-pipe, like young elephants. One was deaf. The other stuttered. Everything in the store had the price written on it, or taped. They wouldn't dicker. Senile, demented idiots....

At Asylum Donuts a regular from the Crypt was sipping a coffee and reading the paper. One evening Porko and Johnny made the mistake of talking to her. She kept complaining about welfare cheats and bums. Once she started, she couldn't stop. Johnny got mad, and walked out.

Porko stayed, to finish his chocolate.

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Warfarin was mincing down Thing Street like he owned it, his head up his ass via his cell-phone on which he was typing to Velma.

Was his cheque there? He urgently wanted to know.

Warfarin himself hadn't lived at Velma's for 6 months but his Odious Pee still came punctually every month, half of it to cover rent he wasn't paying any more.

Velma said she'd returned it. To Citizen Hearse at Stealth and Despair.

Warfarin went crazy. He called her lying bitch. He accused her of stealing it.

Velma checked the dead bolt on the front door. It was secure. She felt better.

Warfarin screamed on his cell-phone. His dealers were going to murder him. Velma'd just killed him.

Velma felt better....

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Glasses was on cash. She thanked him, behind the counter.

Johnny asked, for what?